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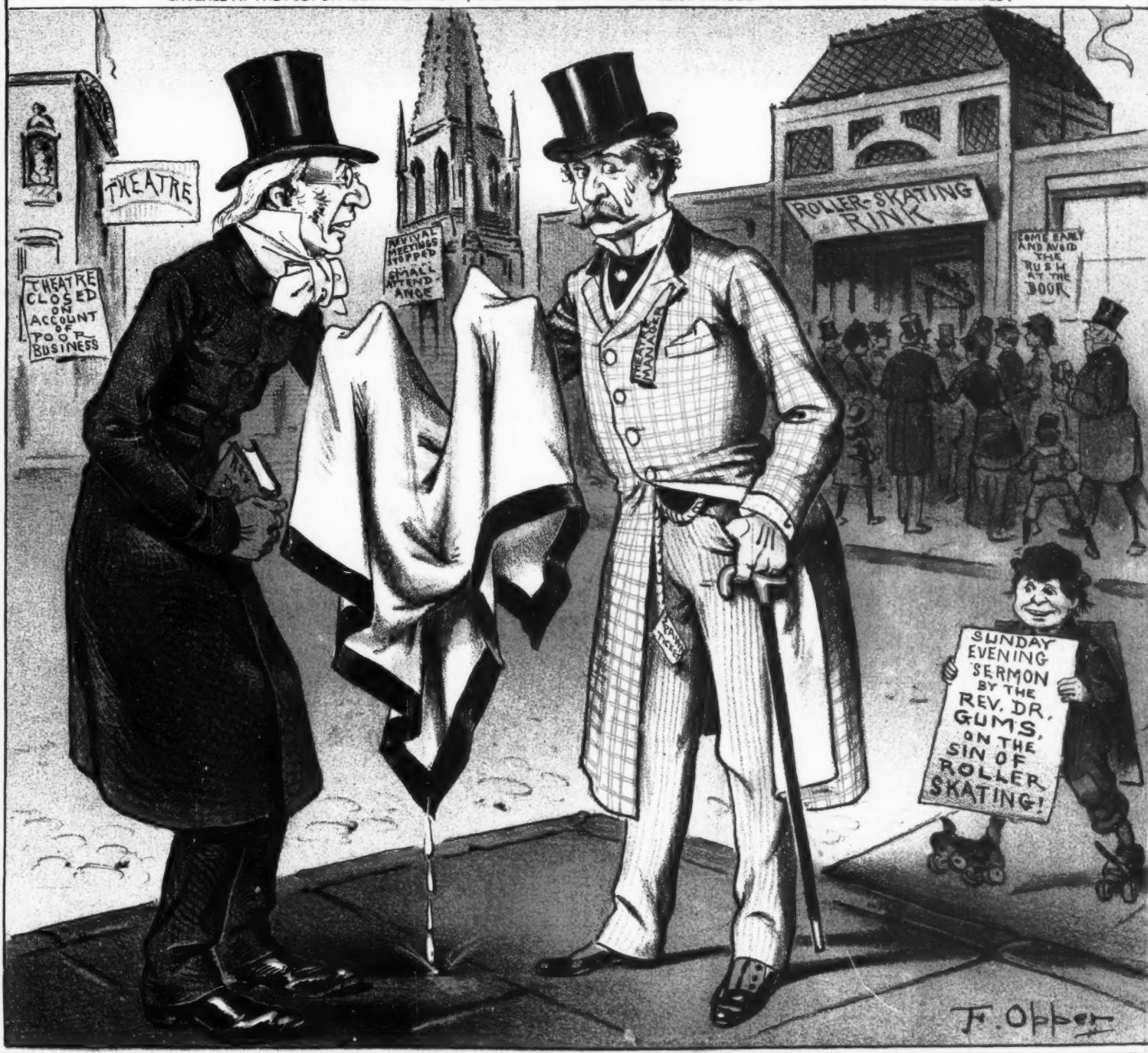


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BUSINESS-MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is recorded in holy writ that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. And the tale goes on to say that the wounded man was at last succored by a chance Samaritan, who made it his business to look after the hapless stranger. And the tale was told to illustrate the meaning of the word Neighbor, and served to convince a doubting lawyer of old time that the way to inherit eternal life was to take just that plain Samaritan view of the duties of this finite life.

* * *

Our unfortunate Civil Service, dearly beloved brethren, fell among thieves, long ago; and until now it has lain naked and bleeding on the highroad of politics. First there came along a certain priest of temperance and general holiness, which was of the tribe of the Eighty-sevenites, and his name was Hayes. And he said to himself: "Lo now, this is none of my business. It is a very hard case, no doubt; and I am extremely sorry for this unfortunate individual; but I didn't get him into his scrape, and I don't see why I should take the responsibility of looking after him. I'm sure I hope—indeed, I don't know why I shouldn't even pray—that he'll come out of it all right; but I can't stop to look after him, or I shall be late at my temperance meeting."

* * *

And then, dearly beloved, came along one of the tribe of the Levites, which is the very swellest of all tribes. And he gathered his delicate garments about him, and said within himself: "Sad—very sad. But I don't see that it particularly concerns me. This sort of thing is all very harrowing, you know; but, bless my soul, I can't stop to bother with it. The fellow couldn't expect it himself. Why, the poor devil ought to think himself lucky that it is a respectable man like me who passes him, and not some ruffian who would give him his *coup de grâce*. I wish him well out of it, though."

And so he went by on the other side. But now, at last, the Samaritan comes along who takes a different view of the situation. He is only a plain man, this Samaritan, mounted on a common, democratic ass. But he has his own way of looking at these matters. He does not stop to argue with himself that he didn't get the man into his fix, that he isn't in the general succoring business, that he has no time to waste, that it is risky business picking up strangers, anyway, and that there is no money for him in the whole business. He simply says: "Hello—respectable man in the ditch. I've got to take care of him. Whoa! my merry democratic ass—you've got to help me to help this man. Don't like to bear the burden, eh? Well, you've got to. It is a matter of principle."

* * *

And so, for the first time, there is some hope for our poor Civil Service. A President has come into office who is willing to do for it just what every other President ought to have done—to treat it according to the lights of common decency. Mr. Cleveland is bound, so far as we know, by only one pledge—to give to those who have trusted him the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs. His way lies clear before him. It is not an easy way; but it is the only way for an honest and conscientious man. It is within his power to neglect an unpleasant duty, as his predecessors have neglected it. But he has given us assurance that he holds the public business to be his business; and he has shown us in the past that he is able to do the unpopular thing if he thinks it is the right thing. It really looks, now, as though the Good Samaritan had come along to do the good work that priest and Levite shirked. And we trust that the common, democratic ass will do his share of the labor faithfully and as cheerfully as may be.

* * *

Cleopatra is once more enslaving her kings. The dusky Ethiop is enchanting the attention of European, and, we regret to say, of American statesmen. England has bled pretty freely in times past, to keep her hold on Afric's sunny

fountains, and she is bleeding anew; the Mahdi superintending the operation of phlebotomy. And the ancient Bismarck is coqueting with Congo after his usual agreeable and acquisitive manner. And America's representative is paying very unwise attentions in the same quarter. One would think that poor old Europe's much bemuddled affairs would give her rulers enough to occupy them. But in the inscrutable wisdom of princes and potentates, they had rather have a finger in an African pie that doesn't belong to them than attend to their own homely bread-making.

* * *

Behold how good a thing it is, and how becoming well, for Gospel Church and Sinful Stage in harmony to dwell! It is the roller-skating craze that has worked this miracle. Church and Stage are at last united in their opposition to the great counter-attraction. We hope they may mutually benefit from the association. If their alliance be only temporary, it may at least result in elevating the morals of the Stage and the elocution of the Pulpit. An improvement in both directions might so increase the attractiveness of the two great institutions that the roller-skating rink would have to take a retired place in the rear of the popular affection.

It will very shortly be time to think of getting out of the city and settling down for the summer in the cool, breezy precincts of the country. Every man who has any comic poetry in his soul loves the country. He loves to linger by babbling brooks, and listen to the corn singing its rustling melodies by ear. He also loves the mossy carpet of the wood, where the Sunday-school picnic grows not wisely, but too well, like a gas-bill (the lecturer's fee). He also loves the wind-swept meadows, dotted with daisies and dandy lions, fresh from the gilded cages of the greatest show on earth. The best way to get such a grand aggregation of scenic effects—in short, a rosy cocktail of the soul—is to go out and look for it. Take the train any day, and ride about twenty miles to some place that has an honest everyday name like Tobbyanna, or Riley Centre, and get a house. Don't look at Daisyville, or Violet Centre, or Japonicafield, or Asphodeland, unless you want malaria. To kill the monotony of the ride in the cars, don't fail to purchase a copy of PUCK's ANNUAL for 1885. Price, twenty-five cents.

THE STATE OF BUSINESS.



APPRECIATIVE EMPLOYER.—"Mr. Wiggins, I have been very much pleased with your assiduity and attention to business during the past year, and I have determined to reward your fidelity by making you my junior partner..."

HORRIFIED EMPLOYEE.—"Junior partner—me—no, sir! Don't do it—just reduce my salary, and let it go at that!"

A POETICAL PARALLEL.

WITH WHICH THE POET FAILED TO MAKE CONNECTION.



Phyllis is gone, the poet sadly moans,
No longer 'mid the tangled meadow-grass
She lists the brooklet babbling round its stones
And scans the summer cloud-ships as they pass.

Phyllis is gone, and Corydon no more
Pipes at her feet his listless noonday strain,
The shepherd's crook with rust is veiled o'er,
Her flowery garlands shall not bloom again.

The glad young childhood of the world is past,
The days of goatherd's song and peasant joys,
The weary, heavy world has drained at last
Dregs of the pleasure that, scarce tasted, cloys.

Phyllis is gone, the poet sang—and then
Beheld the buxom vision, rosy, sweet,
Drop pail and brush, and leave uncleaned his den,
Hearing the postman's whistle in the street.

'Twas she—the Phyllis of the elder bards;
For such she was, a brisk and wholesome maid,
Bearing the very charms through city yards
That erst were on the old-world hills displayed.

'Twas she—his fancy, by convention bound,
Saw not the plain identity, nor dreamed
That elder singers grace and beauty found
In such a form as he unworthy deemed.

'Twas she—but, ah! could "fine poetic rage"
Recognize Phyllis in our modern life
In her who takes her fourteen dollars wage
To scrub, and sweep, and sass one's wedded wife?

ABE AURDER.

INTERVIEWING A GAS-METER.

The Gas-Meter was enjoying his usual day off when the reporter of the *Scribbleville Gazette* and *Organ-Grinder* called.

"What do you want?" asked the Gas-Meter.

"I want to interview you," said the reporter.

"Nonsense! No one ever interviews me but the inspector who comes around to get my figures every month. He never says anything to me. He just takes a look at me and goes away."

"Yes, I know that," answered the reporter: "but I want to talk to you about your mode of life. I want to know something about the inner existence of a Gas-Meter. Do you like the life?"

"No, sir, I most emphatically don't like the life. How would you like to live in a cellar all the time?"

"Well," said the reporter, meditatively: "if it was a beer cellar—"

"That'll do, young man. I don't want any

of your alleged Bohemian humor. Now, listen to me. Here I sit all day in the dampness and gloom, perched up on this little shelf, which is just big enough to hold me. The only sounds that cheer my daily existence are the shouts of the butcher-boy bringing the chops for the people up-stairs, and the merry scrape of the hilarious coal as it comes swooping down the chute twice a month, each time less of it to the ton. Boy, I have watched that ton business for several years, and I have seen it dwindling gradually. By-and-by a boy will bring a ton of coal on a wheelbarrow, and later on a child will carry it hither in a peach-basket. These coal-companies are dreadful swindlers."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Sir, I am a mathematician. I would be the greatest mathematician on earth, if I were the only Gas-Meter; but all of my tribe are equally clever at figures. We do not dabble in algebra, plane geometry, analytical geometry, trigonometry, calculus, determinants or quaternions. We just stick to plain, ordinary arithmetic. That's good enough for us. We can get better results out of that than we can out of any highfalutin science. We have made some great discoveries in arithmetic."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes, we have wholly revolutionized arithmetical science. The popular impressions in regard to figures would receive many rude shocks if people would study our new and improved system of arithmetic. People would get rich faster—the gas-companies do."

"Explain yourself more fully."

"Well, the popular impression is that two and two make four. This is a great mistake. According to our system two and two make seven."

"How do you account for that?"

"We don't account for it. We simply assert that it is the fact, and the burden of proof rests on the other side. If any man denies our assertion, we just tell him to look at his gas-bill. There he finds it illustrated in figures. What can the man do? He comes and looks at the Gas-Meter. What's the result? He finds that he has burned eleven thousand feet of gas in one month, even though he has used only one burner, and has ruined his eyes trying to read by tallow-candles. He goes down to the company's office, and says he couldn't have burned so much gas, and the company tell him to get him to a ginnery. So how can he prove that our system is incorrect?"

"I give that one up."

"That's what the gas-consumer does. He has to. I don't like this life, though. I think that a person with my imagination ought to be in Wall Street. There would be a greater field for my talents there. Phew! it's tiresome work talking."

"Are you a water-meter or a dry one?"

"Sir—all the water in the gas business is absorbed by the stock. Meters are always dry, except when the gas-company wants to play light on the gas, and then the meters are said to have water in them. But they don't. A Gas-Meter never takes water."

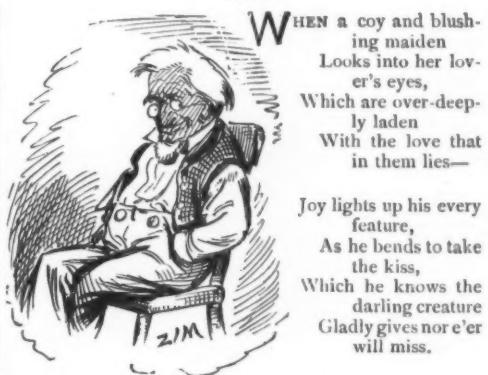
And so the reporter went out and bought him a bottle of sulphuric acid.

VASSAR, according to one of the professors, is being ruined by paragraphers; but "it's an ill wind, etc." Paragraphers think Vassar a godsend to them.

"THERE'S NO home without a kitchen," says a philosopher. And there are very few homes with them, either, as Mrs. Partington would remark.

CLOTHES MAY not make the man; but, nevertheless, it is not advisable to dispense with them.

Putterings.



WHEN a coy and blushing maiden
Looks into her lover's eyes,
Which are over-deeply laden
With the love that in them lies—

Joy lights up his every feature,
As he bends to take the kiss,
Which he knows the darling creature
Gladly gives nor e'er will miss.

No one, thinks he, could be dearer,
No one could he love so well;
And the maiden draws he nearer,
All his burning love to tell.

Ah, why does she start and tremble?
Does she love him not at all?
Can she smile and yet dissemble?
Is she heartless, after all?

Down her cheeks the tear-drops trickle,
And she longs to be his bride.
It is not that she is fickle,
Yet she bids him leave her side.

For she knows that if he lingers
All his hopes will be a wreck.
And they are—for "Popper's" fingers
Meet each other round his neck.

A SAGE HEN—Belva A. Lockwood.

A PADDED CELL—The Coryphée.

COCOA is said to be the best food for the brain yet discovered. The coffee-vender in the City Hall ought to invest in a cocoa-urn at once.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY has suddenly ceased playing Wagner's music on his piano. The royal detectives discovered a plot to put dynamite in the piano.

AT A CALIFORNIA ostrich-farm a flock of the birds were turned loose in an unused gold-mine to feed, and their eggs are now worth more than their feathers.

A COLORADO WOMAN has gone insane because a gypsy warned her that her husband would be killed. Sudden joy is just as dangerous as sudden grief, it appears.

THE DISTINGUISHED English surgeon, Dr. Fordyce, ate only one meal a day. This goes to prove that the fashionable boarding-house is not of modern origin.

A WEST-SIDE lady recently bought a new burglar trap. The first person it caught was the plumber. She has written to the manufacturer indorsing it warmly.

A PENNSYLVANIA BOY died, the other day, from swallowing a tin whistle. When a man invents a drum that can be swallowed, he will command the gratitude of a world.

"GOING DOWN-STAIRS should always be done very deliberately," advises a physician. In order to do this, we would suggest that poets take the precaution to send their verses by mail.

A NEW FIRE-ARM has been invented in France which can be discharged thirty times a minute. It scatters, too, and kills everything in front of it. It might be a good idea to buy one for Mrs. Yseult Lucille Dudley. At any rate, the suggestion is worth thinking about.

SHINBONES BLOWS THE FIFE.

"Brudder Petah Maguff," said Shinbones Smith, as he sat in the cabin of the gentleman addressed one evening last week: "I'se mighty sorry dat yo' couldn't git ter dat cake musical pahty wot my wife gib."

"So'se I, Brudder Shinbone," answered Peter: "but I war too sick fur ter see round de cohener. Tole me 'bout it."

"Wal, chile, dat war a great time. My ole woman she done gone made up her mind dat dar 'd got ter be a blow-out inter ouah house, an' she 'lowed dat it got ter be somefin' oncommon. So she gits up de cake musical pahty."

"Wot am dat?"

"Hole on, chile; I'm a-comin' ter dat d'reckly. De cake musical pahty am whar de bossess puts up a cake, an' folks wot comes hab got ter sing or play onter somefin', an' de one wot does de best gits de cake."

"Who am de referee?"

"Some one wot de bossess picks out. Wal, last Frid'y night de pahty tuk place. Dar war Brudder Parsimony Higgins dressed in a yaller jacket an' a big red necktie, an' his wife—de ole hag—in low neck an' shawt sleeves, an' wid a head ob lettuce inter her ha'r. Dar war Brudder Squeezeout Peabody in a blue ulstah an' rubbah-boots, an' his ole woman wid a bustle onter her big 'nuff fur a base-ball groun'. Den dar war Brudder Wakeup Misery in a jackit wid two tails pinned onter it ter make it luk like a swaller-tail coat, an' he woah a carrot fur a bokay. Den dar war Miss Jerusha Pillsbury wid a dress all cubbered up wid cabbidge-leabes, an' ole Miss Snuckles, from Thomps'n Street, dressed in a coffee-bag, an' Miss Polly Haskin done up in ribbins an' bows all ober, an' a whole lot ob odder folks all dressed up in de finest kind ob style. I nebbah seed so many durned proud niggahs in my life befoah. Dey put on moah style dan a butciher serbin' onter a jury. It am de mos' 'makhable kind ob t'ing ter see how much moah folks t'ink ob demse'f w'en dey done gone got on some good duds. Dey say dat fine feadders don't make fine birds, but mos' folks acts ez ef dey t'ought dey did."

"Wal," continued Shinbones: "de fust pusson ter do somefin' musical war Miss Jerusha Pillsbury. She got up an' kinder wiggled roun' a bit, an' 'lowed dat ef nobody else 'd begin she'd do it. So she kinder hopped out inter de middle ob de flooh, an' folded her big yaller han's in front ob her, an' put her durned ugly head onter one side an' let loose. She singed 'Sweet Wierlets' D'y' ebbah heah dat song, Brudder Pete?"

"Nuh," was Peter's laconic reply.

"Wal, it am a berry sick kind o' song. W'en Miss Pillsbury got frough, she kinder loked roun' an' snickered agin, ez ef she knewed she'd done somefin' cunnin'. Den she sot down, an' Brudder Wakeup Misery got up wid a jewsharp. I tole yo', chile, dat good-fur-nuffin' niggah kin jess fatch de innards right out'n a jewsharp. He played 'Climbin' Up De Golding Staibhs,' an' I felt a-skeered dat he'd git de cake fur 't. Den gay Miss Squeezeout Peabody she got up, an' she loked ez ef she had dat cake right in

her ahms, she war so blame' peert. She sashayed out inter de middle ob de room, an' cleared her ole froat tell I made up my mind she'd done gone scraped all de skin off'n it. Den she opened up dat dar fog-whistle ob hern, an', chile, yo' nebbah heerd so much noise in de whole couhse ob yore life."

"Wot war de song, Brudder Shinbone?" asked Peter.

"It war called 'Some Day or Odder,'" replied the sage: "It warn't much ob a song w'en de ole woman got 'rough wid it. Den Brudder Pahsimony Higgins brung out dat ole banjo of hisn, an' played de same durned ole tune wot he's be'n a-playin' ebber sence I fust knowned him. Brudder Bendoff Gribbles war dar, too—come all de way from Willumsbu'g. He brung 'long his ole 'cordeon, an' he done gone an' played de long metah doxolig—doggone me fur pickles ef he didn't! De blame ole fool! Jess ez ef any pusson c'u'd git a prize onter a hymn. Wal, my ole woman she 'lowed dat I'd got ter go in fur dis hyar cake, too, an' she fixed it fur me ter play las', so's not ter keep nobody else a-waitin'. Wal, now, chile, yo' know me. Yo' know dat dis hyar ole culldup pusson kin jess blow de inside right out'n de fife. Wal, chile, I got out de ole fife in de mawnin', an' wetted her up an' tooted onter her a bit, an' I war ready at night fur ter knock de wind out'n de hull crowd. So w'en dey all got frough I brung out de ole fife from off de shelf, an' walked out inter de middle ob de room. Dey all clapped der han's w'en dey see me a-comin'. I put de ole fife up ter my mouf an' I blowed; but she wouldn't squeak. Dat kinder s'prised me, chile. De gals dey luked 'stonished; but Brudder Squeezeout he larfed. Wal, I put her up an' blowed agin. Nary squeak. Brudder Squeezeout he larfed ag'in. I sez ter him, sez I: 'Wot yo' larfin' bout, niggah?'

"'Larfin' at yo', niggah. Yo' bust yo'se'f, yo' don't tek keer,' sez he ter me, sez he.

"Wal, I 'lowed dat de fife wanted wettin', an' I let de watah run onter it a bit. Den I blowed ag'in; but she wouldn't wuck. Dat Squeezeout Peabody he mos' larfed hisse'f ter deff."

"Luk inter de innards ob de fife, Brudder Shinbone," sez he ter me, sez he, w'en he got frough larfin'.

"Den I 'specte' wot war de mattah. I got a piece ob wiah an' stuck her inter de fife, an', shuah 'nuff, dar war somefin' in dar."

"Wot war it, Brudder Shinbone?" asked Peter.

"Doggone me fur pickles!" shouted Shinbones, in great wrath: "I dunno, chile; I couldn't git 'em out—it am dar yet. But I knowned from de way dat durned Squeezeout larfed dat he done it. An', chile, I went fur him."

"What did yo' do ter him?" asked Peter, eagerly.

"Chile, I made up my mind I'd stuff dat niggah like he done gone stuffed de fife. I grabbed de fife, an' I rammed her down his froat, an' pounded onter it wid my fist. Brudder Petah Maguff, I tole yo' dat ef my ole woman hadn't pulled me off, an' Squeezeout's wife kicked him in de back an' knocked de fife out, dat dar niggah 'd be in de great heahafter a-huntin' fur ice."

W. J. HENDERSON.



"I put de ole fife up ter my mouf an' I blowed; but she wouldn't squeak."

A SCIENTIST SAYS "hard work enhances the beauty of a man's face." Hereafter, when a sculptor wants a model of manly beauty, let him secure a hod-carrier or brick-layer.

A CAMDEN, N. J., FARMER raised \$1,800 worth of strawberries on two and a half acres of land. If it was early in the Spring, the number of boxes would reach nearly a hundred.

YES, WE know the line, Clara: "There's music in the air." But it's not always true. When it's an air by Mr. Wagner, sometimes there isn't any music at all in it.

THERE IS, it is said, a young lady in Boston who does not wear eye-glasses. She is blind.

IT IS said that arsenical poisoning has resulted from handling greenbacks. We believe very few editors have been affected up to date.

I HOLD IT best, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have quail on toast
Than never to have quail at all.

THE CHAMPION WIRE-PULLER—The Bull Tangled Up in the Barbed-Wire Fence.

PEOPLE WONDER, sometimes, at the existence of the signal service, when they reflect that the service has neither any effect on the weather nor the weather on the service.

"A POOR PHILADELPHIA woman recently tried to pawn her baby." There is nothing remarkable about this. If she couldn't support it, whom should she leave it with but her uncle?

A PHILOSOPHER SAYS: "A man and wife should never cease to do a little courting, however old they may grow." In Chicago the principal courting is done in the divorce courts.

THE BLUEBIRD.

It is gloomy and gray on the hillsides now,
Sad musings will come unsought,
And the bluebird's note from the leafless briar
Seems an echo to Nature's thought.

The bluebird is gay in the Summer-time,
But sad in the Spring and Fall.
He comes before Spring is quite prepared,
And finds no pleasure at all.

In Autumn he out-stays every guest,
Till they silently hasten away,
And loneliness answers his plaintive call
As he fits through the branches gray.

I've heard 'tis the same in the social world,
Where at parties they talk and prate:
The first comer always arrives too soon,
And the last guest departs too late.

P. C. BICKNELL.

HIS OUTLOOK.

The joints of Winter are beginning to relax, as it were. The snow that fringes the field will not fringe it much longer, for soon will the bobolink break its heart with wild bursts of song in the fields of waving clover. The song of the mock-turtle will soon be heard in the land, the frog will croak until he's hoarse, and the whippoorwill will get in his work on starlit evenings, when the katydid and the tree-toad are making themselves felt.

I love to linger in the breezy wood, when the pink arbutus trails along the snowy ground. When the dogwood sends its snowy sprays in the unbeaten paths of the forest, and the brooklet gurgles musically through the crevice in your boot.

Therefore I shall hang my boots upon my staff, and start for the country just as soon as the Winter passes and the poet begins to take headers down the editorial stairway. How my heart goes out to nature in all its varying forms and conditions! I love an Autumn landscape, with cows in the brook, and a hunter in the background looking down the barrel to see if it is loaded.

Soon shall I lie upon the pleasant sward, and feel the apple-blossoms blow down on me in sprays of pink and white. I shall hear the little birds making love on the budding limbs, and carrying the straws from yonder meadow to make their cosy nests. And at night I shall crawl under the hay-stack and fall asleep, look-

ing at the twinkling stars, and hearing breezes rustle among the vines and cat-tails.

A draught of nature is the best draught out, when you can't get any other. How sweet, on a fresh bracing morning, when Phœbus is getting in her biggest licks, to steal down the perfumed meadow, and purloin the milk from the unsuspecting cow!



My book is full of impressions of sand-pipers, orchids, rabbits, bees, dairies, bobolinks, butterflies, humming-birds, siestas in hammocks, moonlight rambles, and twilight sails.

I am a regular old nickel-plated tramp Pan, and when I get my notes together, and come out with an old, warm, empurpled, sensuous, roseate, landscape novel, I shall knock "Nature's Serial Story" higher than a plumber's bill.

God save us all from a death like this,
On the works of E. P. Roe.

"I'VE BEEN to the club, dear," said Jones, when he came home with a policeman's trademark on his forehead.

FREE LUNCH.

Soon will the festive bumble-bee
His little carol sing,
And polish up right carefully
His merry little sting.
Soon will the small boy seek the wood
To climb his favorite tree,
And in a happy, careless mood
Pursue that self-same bee.
Then will that blithesome bee in turn
Cause that same boy to scud
To where he can relieve the burn
By plastering with mud.

A MERCENARY MUSICIAN—A Commercial Drummer.

"BE A WOMAN," demands a poetess in one of our exchanges. Thanks; but what would our wife say?

A TWENTY-DOLLAR gold-piece never falls with a dull, sickening thud. But a twenty-dollar plumber's bill does.

DR. DIO LEWIS says the American people eat too much. From this it is certain that the Doctor never drew his inference from watching an editor.

ACCORDING TO statistics, men are more subject to diseases of the ear than women. This is principally due to the fact that women never marry women.

IN JAPANESE prisons the convicts edit and print newspapers. So it appears that the freedom of the press is as much of a farce in Japan as it is in Russia.

"THE FASHIONABLE SANDWICH" is the subject of a column editorial in a rural exchange. This indicates wastefulness. The fashionable sandwich is too thin to spread over so much space.

CARRIE.—No, dear, they did not have postmen in the Middle Ages, and just because you have been reading about that time, and have noticed frequent references to coats of mail, it does not excuse you for taking up our valuable time in asking such questions. Yes, we like home stories; that is, we like them to stay there.

This is Not the First Time that PUCK has Shaken Things Up.

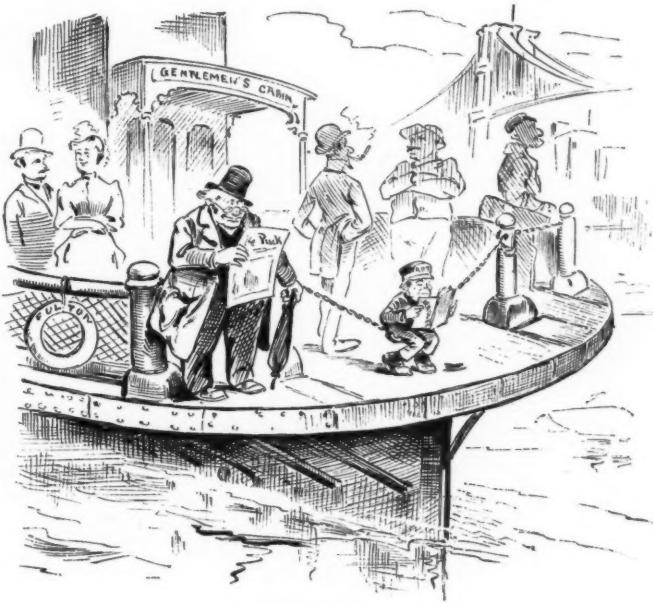


DIAGRAM A.



DIAGRAM B.

BOSTON BITS.

AN AGED and common joke entered an editor's sanctum, and, addressing the editor, said:

"Ah, how do you do?"

"Pardon me," answered the editor: "but you have the advantage."

"But," remarked the joke: "don't you remember me? I left here about a year ago."

"I recognize you now," said the editor: "but, merciful heaven, how you are altered!"

"That," answered the joke: "is not surprising—I met a Western humorist."

"A FARMER NEAR Belleville, Ill., says an exchange: 'has a hen which laid an egg eight inches long, six and two-thirds inches in circumference, and which weighed four and three-fourths ounces.' The funny part of this is that the writer thought he could deceive the public by taking one-third of an inch off the circumference and one-quarter of an ounce from the weight."

TRouble is being experienced in a Kentucky town to obtain enough water to run the mills. This is all the information that is given, but it shows that, as most of the mills in Kentucky are gin-mills, the proprietors have found that they can't make anything unless they water their stock.

AS HE was tacking up the Bowery the other evening, he saw in a restaurant window the sign, "Take Home a Stew in a Box"; but he said he didn't believe it would be necessary, as he expected to find one waiting for him when he got home. And he did.

WEATHER WHICH runs up and down about four octaves

AN EXPLANATION.



"Say, Capt'in, what in thunder is all this 'ere wrong spellin'?"

"Well, m' frien', that's one of the curiosities."

of the thermometer each day has its advantages, after all. The poet does not dare to send his poem on Spring to the paper, for fear that it may appear some morning when the mercury is hammering on the double bass.

A MAN NEVER knows when an idea is going to strike him," says a writer. This is good as far as it goes, but it should have been added that in nine cases out of ten he does not know what to do with it after it has struck him.

A LECTURER HAS taken for his subject the question, "What Is a Dollar?" Those who regard this as singular will cease to wonder when they learn that he was formerly an editor.

A NEW ENGLAND man claims to possess a trunk-strap which has lasted forty years. This is enough to discourage the most hardened baggage-master; but it won't.

A TEN STRIKE—Lend Me a Dime.

BARNEY TO PEGGY.—AN IRISH LOVE-LETTER.



Dear Peggy, 'tis night
When I sit down to write
This letter, an' heavy me
heart is an sore
To hear yer unthru
To the b'ye that for you
Wud barther his sowl to
the devil. Asthore!
I'm that full of devotion
an' love that I'm thinkin'
Some day I will burst, an'
thin sorry ye'll be,

An' call yerself cruel
An' heartless, me jewel,
An' keep with yer tears the grass green over me.

Shure yer eyes will git red,
An' ye'll wish yerself dead,
An' lyin' at pace with meself in the clay,
An' yer cheeks will grow pale,
An' yer appetite fail,
An' ye'll never ag'in know a pleasureful day:
Yer heart will be heavy as lead in yer bosom;
In yer sleep ye'll dhrame throublesome dhrames
till ye wake,
An' even in day-time—
December or May-time—
Ye'll think of the lover that died for yer sake.

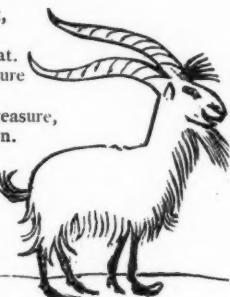
Faith I'm ready to cry,
An' the tear's in me eye
As I paint to meself yer deplorable woe,
While in Paradise
I have opened me eyes
An' am coortin' an' angel I knew here below.
All me sighin' an' sorrowin' thin will be over,
For there all the tears of affliction are dhried,
While you, O mavourneen,
Are sobbin' an' mournin'
An' cryin' an' wishin' me back at your side.

Before it's too late
This misforlinate fate
Ye shud shrieve to avoid, an' wan chance yit I see:
'Tis that if ye repint
Betwixt now an' next Lint,
An' do pinance for all yer
unkindness to me,
I'll maybe forego me int'ntion of dyin'
An' shtay to console ye an'
comfort ye here.
If ye don't, then I'll
never
Ag'in make endeavor
To save ye from sor-
rowin' over me bier.



RHYMES OF THE DAY.

SEE THE goat, Willie Goat,
Listen to the melody that
issues from his throat.
How he carols forth his pleasure
At the sunny hour of noon.
He's the squatter's dearest treasure,
Though he may be rather soon.
See him gloo o'er that coat,
While his na-na, na-na,
na-has on the evening
breezes float.
Sturdy goat, whiskered goat,
Ambrosial, poster-eating,
acrobatic Willie Goat.



NOW THE maiden is returning
From her trip across the sea,
And she wants to air her learning
In the language of Paree.
Now, of course, it is improper,
So they told her over there,
To say either "pa" or "popper,"
And she greets him with "mon pere."
Then she turns toward the other,
Who can naught but stand and stare,
As she hears no longer "mother,"
But a far-away "ma mere."

S., S., BEAUTIFUL S.



"COME here, now, Shakey, and my warble hear; Come, listen to old Isaac Spanglestein: The Winter's gone, we see not e'en its ghost, The last snow-tracks upon the meadow lie, The frozen brook is breaking like a bank Wherein the washer-woman's 'rocks' are stored.

Soon will the buds upon the maple burst, And the horse-car of Phebus will be out; The leaves will spring in tint of softest green Upon the trees, and happy birds with straws Will build their nests on every breezy limb. The grass is twinkling in the wanton wind, And in our bosoms sings the god of love. Soon will the negro with his whitewash-brush Spoil everything that on the hat-stand hangs— Your high hat won on Cleveland, and your coat And silk umbrella brought from o'er the sea. Soon will the sweet arbutus blow around The woodland brook, and lift its sweet pink cheeks, If cheeks it has—of which I'm hardly sure, As I am not John Burroughs, d'y'e moind? The sheep will soon be bleating on the hills, And the dire fiend will ask, in accents meek, If he may serve you ice the coming Summer. Then will Spring-lamb at eighty cents a plate, With mint to match, in every h-house bloom; And in the bowl—the deftly flowered bowl That held the punch on howling Winter nights And twisted us in tighter social ties— May wine will flow, and on its golden breast Float strawberries like little rosy isles On a still ocean at the birth of morn. Soon will my feet, my spreading personal feet, Go tramping out among the Jersey swamps, And there, while Nature, bounteous Nature, smiles In all its rare effulgence, and the scene Is just as merry as a circus-bill, I'll shoot the songful robin on her eggs. The furnace is burned out, and jocund Spring Paints medicine 'ads' upon the railroad rock. And, therefore, Shakey, take the ulsters down And pack them in the cellar, and fetch up The light and airy garments of the Spring."

And the next morning, when the dew-drops lay A-tremble on the roses of the shad, And the old sun shone like a golden disc, The clothes that spoke the advent of the Spring Hung o'er the walk, and also in the store Of Isaac Spanglestein, on Chatham Street.

R. K. M.

A FEW BUSINESS-RULES.

Be prompt at the office. Promptness in employees secures promotion. When your employer requests your appearance at 9 A. M., be sure and comply with his request, and if your employer keeps you at work until 10 P. M., do not let your angry passions ferment. Remember this is a free country. (To the employer.)

Do not ask for a "raise" every Saturday night. This is a bad policy.

When the office-boy whistles, and recites "The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers," while you are adding up a two-foot column of figures, bear it with silence. Do not let your employer use you for a cigar-sign.

Practise economy. Do not put a tooth-pick in your mouth, walk around the block, and create the impression that you have just wrestled with a two-dollar luncheon at Delmonico's; but buy a ten-cent lunch, and in the evening pay a dollar-and-a-half for a seat at some theatre.

If you are a laboring man, and waiting for the five-cent fare to take effect on the "L" road, drop into some beer-saloon, and drink beer until half-past four.

Never ask the office-boy why it took him four hours to go to the post-office, three blocks away. He will always explain why he was delayed, and you will blame yourself for being too hasty in finding fault. Then you will compare yourself with a blank cartridge.

Remember that all successful business-men

are self-made, excepting those who were started in business by rich fathers-in-law.

If your employer manufactures an article costing him forty cents, and sells it to the retailer for one dollar and eighty-seven cents, don't cross-question yourself, but count on your employer's "shrewdness."

Always furnish customers with writing-paper, envelopes and postage-stamps gratis.

When your employer is absent from the office, start an animated conversation, when all the clerks will join in, excepting the office-boy, who will dance "Ole Virginny" on his employer's desk. When your employer is seen coming, all hands will resume work with a death-like stillness. The office-boy will be busily engaged in indexing the copy-book, and will be complimented by his employer for his angelic attentiveness.

W. L. C.

Answers for the Auctions.

AM A. TEUR.—Yes, you *can* "make an arrangement to write regularly for PUCK." Address Wrapper Department, 23 Warren St.

AMANDA L.—The amount of nervous energy and vital force required to construct one poem, would, it has been calculated, suffice to make seventeen and one-eighth pies. Trifle no longer with the hoity gifts of health and a good constitution.

VIOLETS AND CLAMS.

WHAT THIS country is yearning for and has got to have in the course of time is not a man who can invent a flying-machine, but a man who can construct a brand-new set of self-acting, duplex, reversible jokes on a father-in-law, so that the mother-in-law circus can go into winter quarters for a century or two.

"THERE ARE nearly seven million children in the United States who do not know their letters," says an exchange. There is nothing strange in that. We know a very prominent statesman who didn't remember his letters last summer, until he read them in the newspapers.

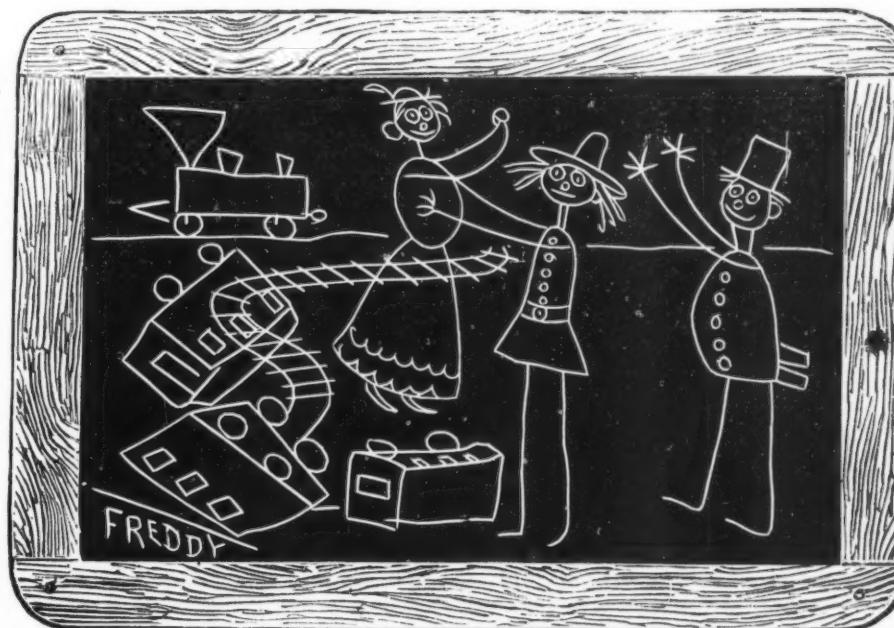
W. D. HOWELLS is authority for the assertion that no woman who studies Greek ever marries. This ought to settle it. Let them make all the changes they desire, but never abolish the study of Greek from Vassar.

THERE IS nothing half so sweet in life as to arrive at your girl's house in time to find out that the bull-dog has satisfied his appetite on the other fellow, who got there ahead of you.

THE ONLY kind of stock-company that doesn't care about water is a theatrical stock-company.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkmarchceventean

dear puck

i cend you this weke a car Toon four the
therd chaptor Off my novvle all so the therd
chaptor

jiant jim the
Hitoand tranerecker off
the cierrer nevvadas
chap thre

in a nuther instant The trane rushd hed lorn
Too its doome* an with A ferefle crash wos
bustid up An scattered in a hoaples rec

butt with the aijillity off litenin jiant jim
dasht in too the smoaken rec** An presentley
imurjd baren in his Arms a buchus maden ouver
whoose hed Sum ateen summers hadd past

her goalden hare stremed down Her bac her
ise wer blew An her cheaks tho the now pail wer
roseyn Wen she wos fealin good
listen his butifile berden hi in The are jiant
jim inchoird off The strainger

is this your dorder

it is ced the strainger how shal i evver thanc
you Four saven her preshus life

let her be The out casts bride resspondid
jiant jim gaizin up on her oled man i luv your
dorder an i wil Maik her My wife

it can not bee replide the oled man she is
betroathed to The noable duke of bantam cas-
sle a pround pear Off england

then buy hevven reternd jiant jim—
to be continuude in ouer neest

youers so lornng

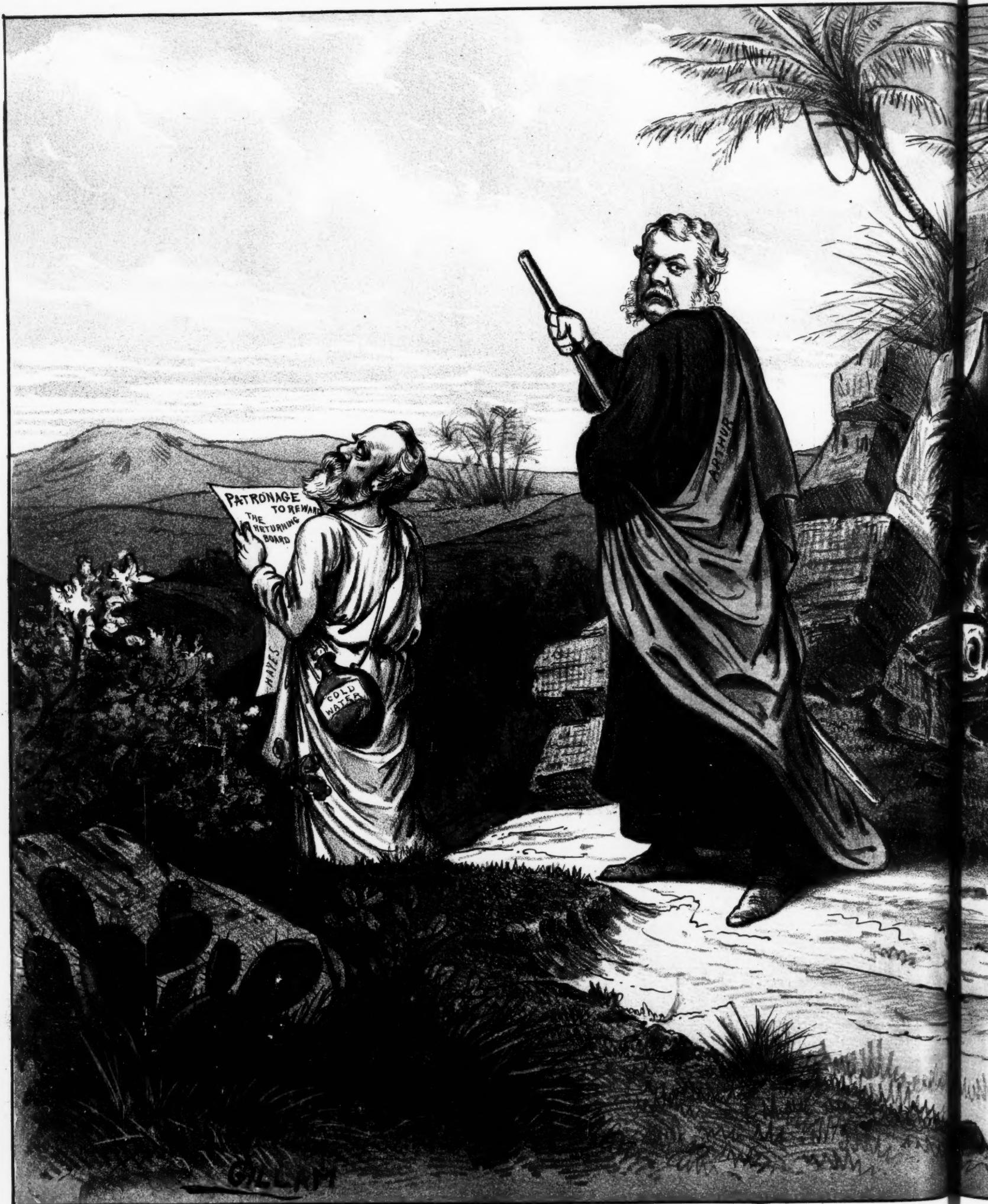
freddy

p s cen bac my slight too find out wot jiant
jim ced

noats

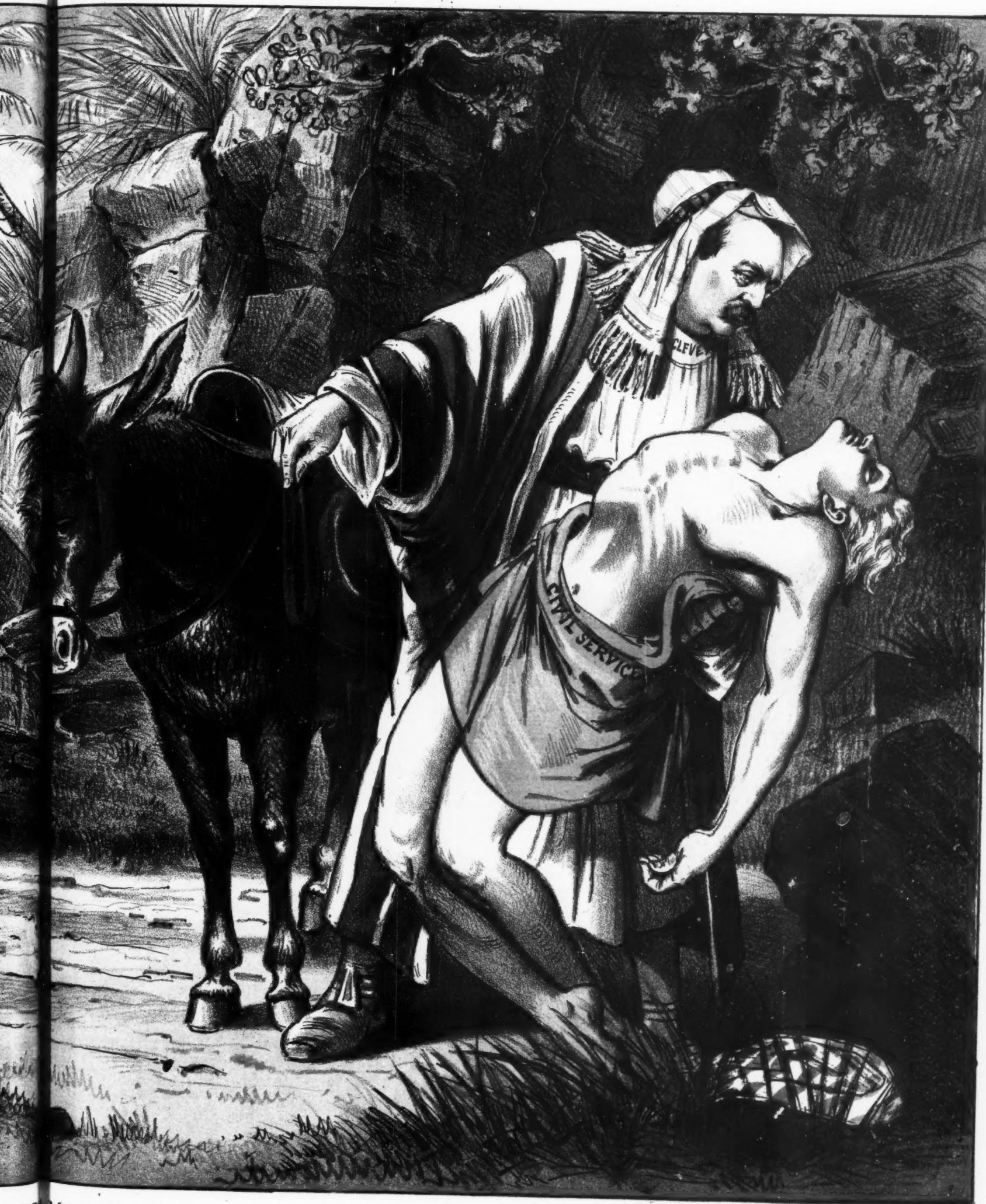
* jim jonson ses this is nott origernel i thinc jim Is get-
tin jellus

** i hav drorn The cars a littel smrol butt the slight
is Nott big enuf



THE GOODMAN

PUNK.



OOD MARITAN.

SHE LIKES THE IDEA.



WIFE.—“My dear, here's another case in the papers of a man dying and leaving his wife her weight in gold, as a legacy; now there's an example for you!”

CONCERNING CANINES.

Fashions in dogs, like fashions in clothing, are subject to most radical changes, although it would seem that dog is capable of much greater variety than clothing. The King Charles Spaniel, so called because it resembles in the mouth the celebrated O'Toole, the ancestor of all the Irish, is still considered *de rigueur* among our best families; but the *Puppus Kaleidoscopicus* is fast superseding him in popularity.

The *Puppus Kaleidoscopicus* is so called because you never see two of him alike. He is a combination of black poodle and a pair of shears. His general contour is supposed to represent that of a lion; but he has upon his face a sheepish sort of an I-know-I-look-like-one-but-damf-feel-like-one expression—one of mingled sadness and piety. He is cut in pompons as to his fore-shoulders, while his hind-shoulders may be likened to a well-worn seal-skin coat on which there is little or no hirsute growth to speak of.

He has natural anklets strung all the way up his legs at intervals of an inch and a half, and on the extreme end of his tail there is a knob of hair about the size of an apple. Following the tail along there are to be found stars and crescents, also of hair, at irregular intervals until the hind-shoulders are reached. The concentric portion of the body is also circled with bands of dog, between which the skin is closely shaven.

This latter peculiarity renders him liable to extreme cold in some portions, with extreme heat in others, which keeps his disposition down to a chills and feverish point, which affects his temper materially. In his feverish moments he will be as sweet as a sugar-plum, but in the twinkling of an eye will become angry and use his teeth.

Sometimes this variety of dog is cut bias, with pleats on the eyebrows and *passemenerie* along the spine, meeting the tail with a head of hair sufficient to stuff a sofa-cushion. This dog will generally be found to bear the name of Mop, and cannot be trusted out of sight with meat of any kind.

We once had a dog which met with a most untimely end—not an end of the sort mentioned above, however. He was one of the *Puppus Kaleidoscopicus* variety, with just enough of the

in the garden for his subsequent delectation. His body had just been combed out for the party that evening. Suddenly the cook—alas, how treacherous that seeming friendship!—dropped the contents of her dripping-pan upon him, and with a yelp which raised the dead cats all over the neighborhood, he rushed into the streets and was soon lost to sight. For two mortal weeks he remained away, boarding, in the meantime, with some low-bred cousins of his father.

Then he returned; but, alas, he had taken cold in his shaven parts, and in spite of the Herculean efforts of dog-biscuits, slippers to chew and other luxuries of dog-life, his body passed away. •Not so the plush portions. They lived on for weeks after the death of the rest of the dog. The cold contracted worked more rapidly than the fever, and it finally became necessary to bury the dead part, although we hung on to it for a considerable time, in the hope that the rest of the animal would likewise expire. We loved the brute so that we hadn't the heart to kill his head, and whenever we ventured to

make an assault upon his narrative, it wagged so pitifully and seemed so glad to see us that we were at once disarmed.

But the live part pined gradually away over the grave of his departed middle, and finally died peacefully, a martyr to the love—ah!—of cooks and dripping-pans. The buried part was exhumed, and the head and tail gently affixed by loving hands, and the total remains laid at rest forever.

Over his grave are the touching lines:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MUFF.

He Rests In Peace.

SHAK. JONES.

Kiwi Communis or *Montgrellosis* about him to give him a depraved taste. He had been neatly trimmed by his owner, so as to live up to his name, Muff. He was named after a cheap muff, and was consequently made of velvet with a plush border at each end, an inch broad, so that he presented a side view very much like a spool of cotton. Muff was fond of spending his afternoons in the kitchen with the cook, who bore the outward semblance of friendship, but whose exhibitions of great joy at Muff's untimely death showed that at heart she was the dog's bitter enemy.

One sunny afternoon in October—we remember it well, as our coal-bill became due at that period—Muff was rummaging around the kitchen, seeking the wherewithal for supper, the old cat having stolen the bone laid aside in the heliotrope-patch

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WHEN.

When the dairy restaurants begin to do a big business, and put equine-radish on the table, and the wind-mill fan is brought out by the barber, who leaves the door open while he shaves you—
When the book-keeper walks round the city at noon

From the gutter to get a sea-breeze;
When the rag-vender yells as he rides through the street,
And the kite's tangled up in the trees—

When you arise in the morning and observe the sun shining in your window, and instead of smelling the sausage and buckwheat-cakes you are told what kind of Easter bonnet you are to purchase—

When the boy wears the knees from his pant-trouser-loons
Playing marbles upon the sidewalk;
When the landlord the subject doth change every time
That you of repairing would talk—

When your son steps up to you and demands money for a base-ball and bat, after hanging his skates on the willow-tree beside the ancient minstrel's harp—

When the Micky takes down his St. Patrick's Day hat,
And unpleasantly talks of the Queen;
When your ulster is swapped for a bust of St. Paul,
And the grass on the meadow is green—

When the young man's fancy lightly turns to blue neckties, walking to the office every morning, and purchasing a bicycle and a new racket and tennis-suit—

When the first circus-poster is seen on the barn,
And the coalman looks lonely and glum;
When the small boy a stick draws along the old fence,
A-rumpey tunnypety tun—

When the base-ball player takes a stretch that causes him to dislocate his chrysalis, and thus get “released,” and be on deck for the coming season—

When the frogs in the marsh break the drum of your ear,
The while they incessantly croak;
When the humorist writes in his happiest vein
The obsolete stove-razing joke—

When the popular clergyman begins to lay plans to secure a three-months' leave of absence to go to Europe for his health—

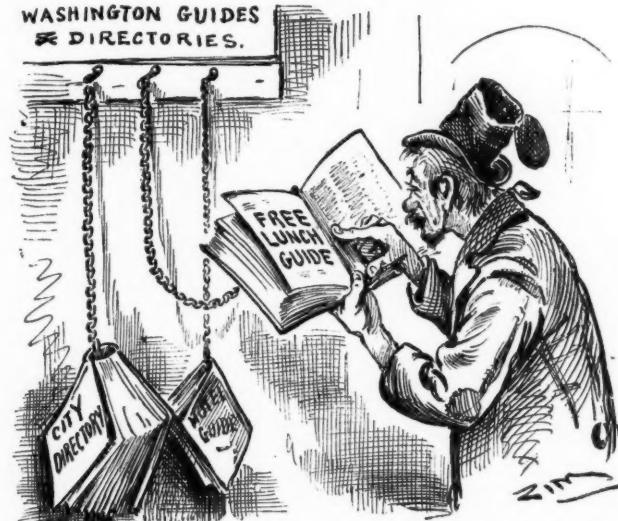
When the carman breaks rudely your bureau and cups
And sofa and side-board and chairs;
When the man on the landing “collides” with the soap,
And goes down without touching the stairs—

When the equine-car equine feels a magic thrill in his veins, and suddenly hurls his hind-legs in the air, taking the gloves off the driver—

When the dainty arbutus is thick in the wood,
And the breezes are lovely and bland—
Why, then you may bet all the cash you can raise
That Beautiful S. is on hand. R. K. M.

“HOPE DEFERRED”

WASHINGTON GUIDES
DIRECTORIES.



“I'll just bear these addresses in mind, so's I won't get left th' nex' time I go to Wash' ton to witness the 'Naug'ration.”

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF ACTIVE IMPULSES.

Professor G. W. Duxton delivered his great lecture on "The Transmigration of Active Impulses" from the steps of the City Hall. He said:

"Whoever has traveled in the cars of the elevated railroads has noticed trains loaded with passengers going in the opposite direction. You are losing time going down-town, and they are losing time going up-town. If you and some other person bound up-town could have exchanged places at the moment you were about to take the train, this time would have been saved and the expense of traveling avoided. The Turks, in the days of Haroun Al Raschid, overcame this difficulty by the invention of a magical carpet which would transport the fortunate possessor to any given place in no time at all. These carpets were either myths or they have been lost, as no trace can now be found of them. The nearest approach to them is the disappearance of door-mats from vestibules, and their subsequent reappearance 'down the bay,' in Baxter Street."

"By the aid of electricity and by the telephone we have overcome time and space so far as the transmission of ideas and speech are concerned; but up to the present time science has been unable to overcome the inertia of solid matter. It has been suggested that the system of pneumatic tubes might be enlarged indefinitely, so that heavy bodies could be blown by condensed air, or sucked by a vacuum, from one distant point to another. But the expense of this method would be considerable, and the embarrassment of being stuck half-way in the tube, in case of accident, would deter many from experimenting with it."

"The plan of hurling people from large mortars in a rubber ball, propelled by gun-powder, dynamite or a strong spring, has also many objections. If fired too high, the ball might go beyond the restraining influence of gravitation, and hang suspended like Mahomet's coffin in midair. Again, it might be pierced by the steeple of some tall church, to the great annoyance of the passengers. The uncertainty, also, as to whether you were about to land on your head or your heels is an argument against the plan. These schemes failing, the public has been compelled to use the comparatively slow medium of rapid transit trains—rapid transit in name only, and far behind the needs of these active times."

"That matter is subservient to mind is an axiom too trite to need repetition here. As it has been found impossible to overcome matter by matter, we are forced to fall back upon the powers of the mind. It has been claimed that nothing exists—that when we see, hear, feel, taste or smell anything, we really do not do anything of the kind, but only think we do. We say this is the City Hall: in reality there is no City Hall, but an impression on our minds which makes us believe that the City Hall exists. Our senses are too dulled to perceive this non-existence of matter. Could we have the insight of celestial beings, we should see that there is no world, no life—nothing only thought starting out from some central source and manifesting itself under certain favorable conditions."

"Only one thing is true—the existence of the soul; and on the soul as a foundation are built up the sentient powers of the mind. Souls see more or less clearly, according to their characters. There is an affinity between souls, as between congenial human beings. Through this affinity souls can reach out and influence other souls through infinite space. Space is nothing to a soul, and, as matter is proven not to exist, the question of transportation of the body becomes simply the problem of the trans-

THE ANCIENT MARINER TACKS AGAIN.



Nothing could be more unflinching and unequivocal than the utterance of the Inaugural with relation to this fundamental feature of all genuine reform. * * * One thing is pretty certain. If Mr. Cleveland makes as good a President as Mr. Hendricks may be relied on to make a Vice-President, he will be re-elected. And why not both?—*N. Y. Sun*, March 5th, 1885.

The election of Grover Cleveland will necessarily break up the Democratic party.

—*N. Y. Sun*, October 2nd, 1884.

There is not a particle of originality about Grover Cleveland. * * * Nobody knows what Cleveland stands for, or what his opinions are. He doesn't desire to have opinions.—*N. Y. Sun*, October 3rd, 1884.

fer of the soul, or, as I have termed it, the transmigration of active impulses.

"A man who has become etherialized under my system, when about starting on a journey, comes at once into communication with the soul of some other etherialized medium desiring to travel in the contrary direction. There is a union of intelligence, a unity of action, and in an instant they change places. The method of etherialization, perfected after many years of trouble, needs some explanation. The labors of mental investigation into the source of odic or psychic force have shown me that—"

At this moment the Professor was overwhelmed by the Board of Aldermen, which had just adjourned.

The Aldermen, in their haste to reach the nearest saloon, pushed the Professor to one side, and when he remonstrated a policeman clubbed him for insulting the Board. He came to his senses again two days later, and then found that he could remember nothing of his method of etherialization.

It may be centuries before the problem of rapid transit is again solved.

W. R. BENJAMIN.

"ARE YOU married?" asks an impudent editor. As this is not leap-year, we decline to answer.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY spends one thousand dollars a day among the pagans in Africa and China. It would be money in many an idle workman's pocket if he were born a heathen.

AN ARTICLE is going the rounds among household magazines telling "How to Keep a Flat." This may be worth knowing; but what society in general is yearning for is information how to get rid of him.

GORE AND MOLASSES.

SOME ONE is trying to prove that Daniel Webster never swore. Inasmuch as skating-rinks were not popular in Daniel's time, there may be grounds for such an assertion.

OVER EIGHTY million dollars' worth of timber has been used in the Comstock Mines in Nevada. If we had eighty million dollars' worth of timber, we shouldn't care for a gold-mine.

A GUSHING POETESS begins, "All that I want is a single heart." This would seem to indicate that she held the ten, jack, queen and king of that suit, and was drawing for the ace.

A VERY GOOD umbrella can be bought for fifty cents; but so long as a man can borrow a seven-dollar silk umbrella for nothing, no immediate boom in honesty is looked for.

THE LATEST thing in soups is a purée of chestnuts. This is the most economical soup ever invented. All that is required is a file of London Punch and plenty of hot water.

"THE WISCONSIN farmers are beginning to discover that it does not pay to kill their calves." And yet we believe it would not pay any better for the calves to kill the farmers.

"BLESSED ARE the peace-makers." We have often noticed that whenever a man attempts to make peace between a man and his wife, he does get blessed, and pretty effectually, too.

A ST. LOUIS paper heads the story of a fatal accident in that city "Hurled Into Heaven." It must have been a great shock to a man to go direct from a Missouri railroad train to heaven.

HE HAS US THERE.

PARKER HOUSE,
BOSTON, March 10th, 1885.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am one of the men who voted for Cleveland because I believed in him, and because PUCK supported him; and while I still trust in his judgement and patriotism, I am glad that you call attention to his crime in referring to "the busy marts of trade." He has in this offense disappointed his supporters. But while this pained me severely, I am especially hurt to find in your leading editorial "the hand of kindly Time" stretched toward me. The President's offense was inexcusable; but yours is monstrous!

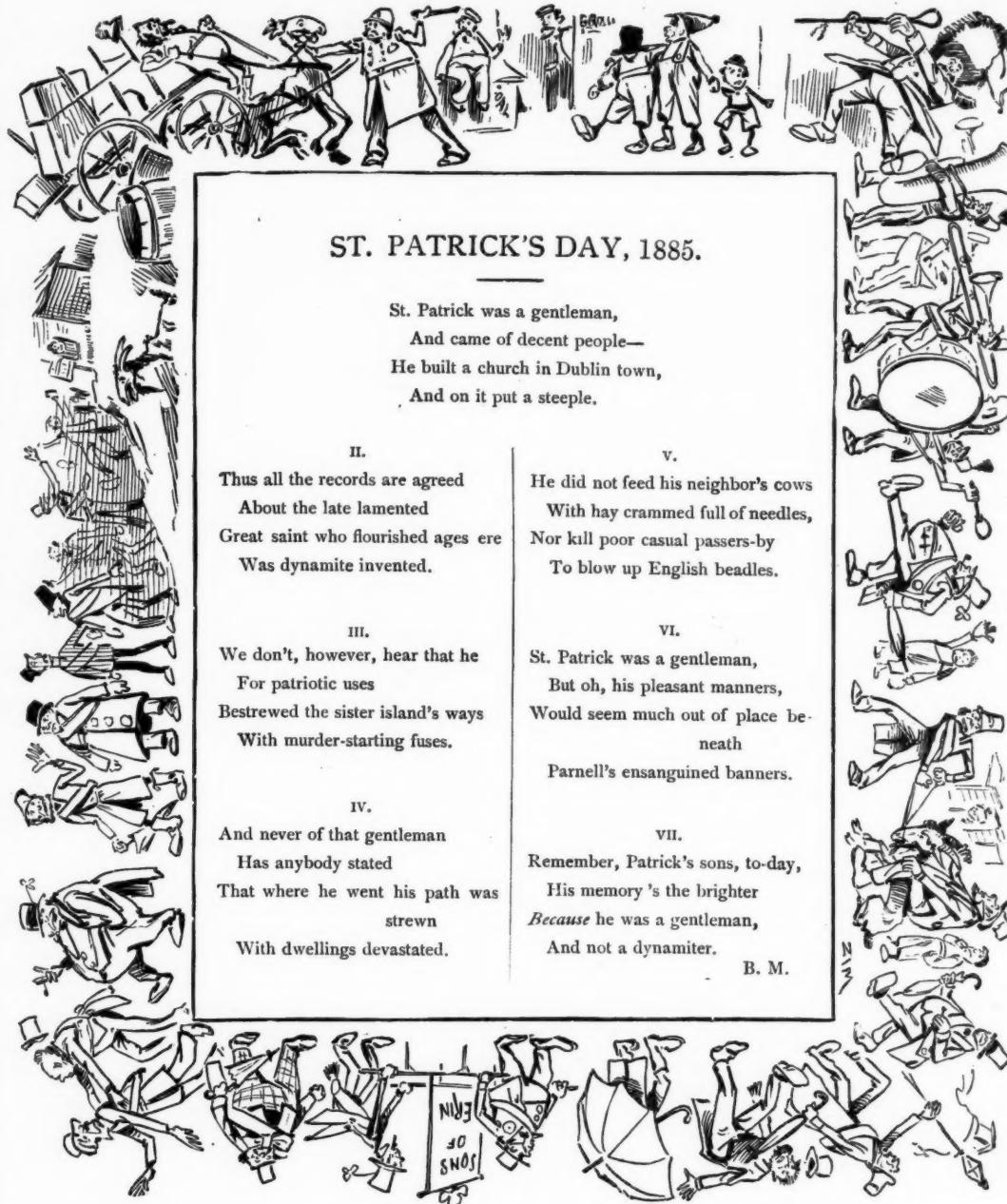
Have you not seen the "hand" on almost every page of sweet Ike Marvel, and did ever a county fair orator or a Decoration Day speaker fail to show it to his patient hearers? The hand of Noah is plump, elastic and vigorous compared with the withered "hand" you mention. The hour-glass and scythe are yet bright and glistening; and when "Father Time" had no beard to speak of, the ancestral "hand" was still old.

An indignant public asks, "What is your defense?"

Yours truly,
JOHN THOMAS,
A New Yorker in temporary exile.

OUT UPON the window-sill
Is a little ridge of snow,
And across this sparkling hill
Foot-prints of the snow-birds go.
As the little drift I see,
Which the foot-prints gaily fill,
Truly, it seems unto me
A mimic Chinese laundry-bill.

SOON THIS cry upon the street
Will spoil our dreams of peace:
"Here you are, Jack rozeez,
A cent apiece!"



ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1885.

St. Patrick was a gentleman,
And came of decent people—
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.

II.
Thus all the records are agreed
About the late lamented
Great saint who flourished ages ere
Was dynamite invented.

III.
We don't, however, hear that he
For patriotic uses
Bestrewed the sister island's ways
With murder-starting fuses.

IV.
And never of that gentleman
Has anybody stated
That where he went his path was
strewn
With dwellings devastated.

V.
He did not feed his neighbor's cows
With hay crammed full of needles,
Nor kill poor casual passers-by
To blow up English beadle.

VI.
St. Patrick was a gentleman,
But oh, his pleasant manners,
Would seem much out of place be-
neath
Parnell's ensanguined banners.

VII.
Remember, Patrick's sons, to-day,
His memory 's the brighter
Because he was a gentleman,
And not a dynamiter.
B. M.

A WAR ARTICLE.

ONE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY SERIES.—BY A SUTLER.

It has become a matter of imperishable history that the most frightful charges seen in the war for the Union were made by the valiant sutler. What this remark lacks in originality is more than made up in hard, everyday Arctic facts. I was wounded in one of these charges. An Orderly Sergeant, whom I charged half-a-dollar for a ten-cent cigar, became a disorderly Sergeant, and dislocated the bridge of my nose. My application for two thousand dollars back-pension and eight dollars a month during the remainder of my life for injuries received in defense of our star-spangled country is still pending. It will probably receive the favorable attention of the pension authorities at Washington after they have granted the claims of certain drafted warriors who contracted heart-disease in their hasty flight to Canada to visit their relatives.

At the first battle of Bull Run the sutler made as rapid time in conveying information of the progress of the engagement to Washington as did the Brigadier-Generals themselves. But the War Department never recognized, by promotion, the heroism and strategy he thus displayed in the darkest period of our nation's existence.

In some of the great battles of the war the sutler exhibited quite as much military genius as was shown by some of the commanders of army corps. He couldn't very well have displayed less. And yet General Grant, in his *Century* war articles, fails to credit the sutler with a share of the glory won in putting down the gigantic rebellion! This is an indication of jealousy existing where one would least expect to see it. Of the many reverses that befall the Union troops during the internecine struggle, not one can be ascribed to the sutler—unless it may be when a sutler "cleaned out" a Union troop or two in a game of draw-poker. And such reverses were quickly overcome, and did not endanger the safety of the Union.

It is hoped the future historian, when partisan feeling and sectional hate shall have died away, will devote a few pages of his work to the important part played by the sutler in assisting to frustrate the attempt to fracture the Union cemented by the blood of our forefathers, and perpetuated for the benefit of our politicians. I wish to briefly call attention, while I am about it, to the ungrateful manner in which one of the most vital elements of success in our late

war has been ignored by the historian. I refer to the "Intelligent Contraband."

Perhaps no man's pericardium bled more copiously for the poor, enslaved, down-trodden American of African 'scent than the late Mr. Greeley's; and yet Horace, in his "American Conflict," fails to crown the brow of the "Intelligent Contraband" with the laurel chaplet to which his services in behalf of the Union so justly entitle him.

The amount of "important information" furnished the Federal army by the ubiquitous and reliable Intelligent Contraband would, if pieced together, be long enough to reach entirely around the earth, with a few hundred yards left dangling over into space.

Those Northerners who, with a heroism as laudable as it was unselfish, remained at home during the war, in order to repel the ruthless invader, and prevent him from establishing a slice of the Southern Confederacy in the non-seceding States, were almost daily cheered by the encouraging intelligence that an "Intelligent Contraband" had entered the Union lines and given our army some most "important information." He was mighty liberal and

reckless with his important information, was the Intelligent Contraband.

It is an open question whether the great military strategists who evinced such refreshing and inspiring bravery editing daily newspapers hundreds of miles from the seat of war, courageously planning army movements, concocting brain-confusing war-maps, criticising the alleged shortcomings of our Generals, and lustily yelling "On to Richmond!" were more worthy to wear the victor's wreath than was the loyal and impulsive Intelligent Contraband. To be sure, the military editor could have gone to the front and broken the back-bone of the rebellion inside of two months, if he had been so inclined; but it may be remembered by some readers that he didn't go. Perhaps he didn't want to throw a few thousand Generals out of employment on the eve of a hard Winter; and perchance he sympathized with the family of the army contractor. It took at least four months for an army contractor to make a fortune. The military genius of the war editor was only equaled by his thoughtfulness. A dozen military editors were more terrible than an army with banners. In their minds.

Many veterans—sutlers and others—will readily recall how the Intelligent Contraband stole into the Union lines, with his eyes bulging with such alarming bulginess that they looked like two silver bell-buttons on a black coat; and how, when conducted to the officers' quarters, he exuded "important information" with truly startling and phenomenal exudeness. An officer would question the ex-chattel and elicit the following:

OFFICER.—"What is the numerical strength of the enemy in our front?"

INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.—"Eh, Massa?" O.—"How many men has the Confederate General Blank?"

I. C.—"Bout forty-leben thousan', Massa." O.—"Don't you mean about four thousand?" I. C.—"Yes, Massa; dar's 'bout four hundred ob 'em."

O.—"Have they plenty of rations?" I. C.—"Yes, Massa; dey's got dead loads ob rasshums."

O.—"None of them suffering from the want of provisions, eh?"

I. C.—"Oh, yes, Massa; dey's all done gone starved to death almost fer perrishums."

O.—"How many cavalry have they?" I. C.—"Dey's got nothin' but caverly." O.—"No infantry?"

I. C.—"Oh, yes, more infuntry dan caverly."

Next morning an advance would be cautiously made, and the strength of the enemy found to consist of an ancient mule of much angularity and a crippled "poor white." And, owing to the important information imparted by the Intelligent Contraband, the advancing forces would not lose a man.

It is hoped the historian may yet do justice to this long-neglected military hero, by bringing out a work entitled "Our Country's Indebtedness to the Intelligent Contraband"—in seventy-five parts—sold only by subscription—price fifty cents a number—large type and profusely illustrated in the highest style of the art—a part delivered every two weeks—no subscription taken for less than the entire work—it should be in every intelligent man's library—better let me put down your name for one copy—you will—*****!!!"

The asterisks represent what the voluble book-agent would witness when he landed on the hard, cruel sidewalk with painful tumultuousness.

W.

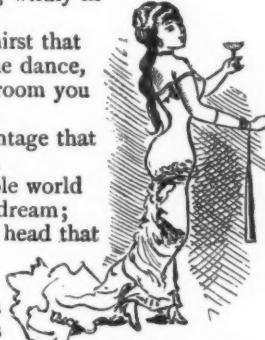
"THE BEST way to dry off cows is to quit milking." When the cow comes around and asks to be milked, tell her to dry up.

PICTORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

A VOCAL SCALE.

Sing Hey! for the ball that you visit to-night,
With its ripple of music and scenes of delight;
Sing Ho! for the dance with a lily-fair girl,
With hearts beating wildly in

one dizzy whirl;
Sing He! for the thirst that
will come from the dance,
And into the wine-room you
speedily prance;
Sing Hi! for the vintage that
flows in a stream,
And makes the whole world
seem a beautiful dream;
Sing Hugh! for the head that
you'll have the
next day,
And sing — for a
dream that winds
up in that way.



W. J. HENDERSON.

TO THOSE young men who are constantly writing and asking concerning the opportunities for entering journalism, and expressing their desire of becoming journalists, PUCK can only say that it is not in his power to answer their interrogations until he knows how long they can go without eating.

THE SILENT watchmen of the night are the policemen who never watch at all, unless for an opportunity to crawl under a stoop to take a sleep.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is not so highly esteemed in Boston as he was. We always thought it strange that the Modern Athens should so admire a man who so badly mutilated the Queen's English—when ever any of them came over to spar with him.

A HORN SOLO.
Olivia sat in her opera-box
And looked down on the band,
And saw some things there going on
She could not understand:
The drummer looked as sadly dry
As a desert under the stars,
And yet he could not take a drink,
Though he had forty bars;
And so a man who sat beside
This drummer all forlorn
Refrained from quenching once
his thirst,
Though oft he took his horn.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

The friends of the Delaware Legislature will be pained to learn that it was lost last week by falling through a crack in the sidewalk. All attempts to scrape it out with a cane proved futile, and the sidewalk will probably have to be raised, unless, indeed, it would be cheaper to get a new Legislature.

James, who has always been a good boy up to to-day, is now anxious to become a prize-fighter, and writes to ascertain how he shall set about it. Well, James, in the first place, you must forget everything else you ever knew; in the second place, you must never fight. Then you will be an eighteen-carat slugger. No self-respecting pugilist ever fights. He never does anything except divide the gate-money with the other non-combatants.

I met the Professor on the train just west of Ann Arbor. The Professor was a foot and a half taller than the *Eagle* man; he wore beautiful clothes, and a splendid diamond, and the *Eagle* man felt greatly abashed in his presence. I waited, after the introduction, to hear the Professor speak some Greek, with Mr. George Riddle's pure Oxford pronunciation. The Professor said:

"Hain't saw much of your writin' in *Nawkeye* lately?"

I said, timidly, as I construed the Professor's Fourth Ward Greek:

"No, I am writing exclusively for the *Eagle*, now."

"*Brooklyn Niggle?*" said the Professor. Abashed by his pure Achaian accent, I bashfully said that I now lined my beautiful and instructive discourses with a pinion plucked from the wing of the bird of the broad and sweeping wing whose eyrie was at 34-38 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, inclusive.

"Hah!" said the Professor: "that's a good joke. Come down to-night and see Miss Effie skate all over Limber Jim, the Saskatchewan champion."

And when I gazed at his card, I knew he was a professor of roller-skating.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

LOVE may be blind, young man, but, depend upon it, your best girl can look away down to the bottom of your pocket-book.—*Boston Times.*

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[Continued.]
CHAPTER II.

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BRIDGET—O! have a shurprise in shtore for yez, Patrick.

Patrick—Have yez, an' phat is it?

BRIDGET—It's a patent sthove-damper, me darlint. The agint tould me it wud save wan-half the expinse in coal. Think av that, Patrick, jist wan-half the expinse.

Patrick—Faith, and did yez buy but wan av them?

BRIDGET—That's all.

Patrick—Shure an' ye are not schmart, Bridget. Why didn't yez buy two av them, an' we wud save the whole expinse?—*Drake's Magazine*.

THOUGHTFUL MAMA.—"Well, dear, which gentleman have you selected for your husband?"

DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.—"Oh, I think I'll take Mr. Fatboy."

MAMA.—"But, my dear, Mr. Littleman is very rich, while your choice is very poor."

DAUGHTER.—"Yes, my choice is very poor, it is true, but he is so big and stout, he will be just splendid to sit on the Bible to press Winter leaves."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

UNFEELING BOY.—"Better come away from that fire."

Augustus St. John Browne (*a bow-legged dude with tight trousers*).—"Aw! Why?"

Unfeeling Boy.—"It's warpin' you all out of shape."—*Life*.

Note.—Be suspicious of persons who recommend any other article as "just as good" and take nothing else but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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